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Top-o'-graphical.

STEAMER "SILVER LAKE," OHIO RIVER,
BELOW NEW ALBANY, Indiana.

Dear "Scholastic":—Here, at Evan's Landing, with the editorial excursionists, is your humble representative trying to write you back a few jottings before the fresh impressions may fade away in presence of something still more new.

Well, as the heading shows, the first part of this essay will be on top-o'-graphy. Perhaps you may think this big word signifies top o' the writing, from the words "top," "of," and *graphien*, "to write." If so, you are mistaken, for it means something about 'places. What it is I don't exactly know, and, as it doesn't concern you, will let it pass.

The first place, and the principal one too, on my list is South Bend. Why it is called "Bend," since it is all right, or why "South," when it is so far north, I'm sure I don't know. *Lay Porte*, as they call it, seems to be well named, for I could discover nothing clerical about it. Of the "Crossing," the same may be said; for a *crosser* set of people you never saw, dear SCHOLASTIC, than those who are always kept there "waiting for the train, you know." Wanataw, they call the next place of note. The general opinion concerning the remarkable name of this town, is that a boy in playing marbles *won a taw*, and in his enthusiasm named the future city in honor of his victory. But, in my opinion, the following, which is related by the more ancient inhabitants of the vicinity, is the better view of the case: When the first train stopped here, an inquisitive passenger ventured his head out of the window, and enquired: "What is the name of this town, or is it *one at all*?" At this, an indignant Scotchman on the ground, exclaimed: "One at a'! One at a'!" Of course this was mistaken for *Wanataw*, and so the fair city received its musical title. My readers may adopt which theory they please; as to the *practice*, however, there is no such liberty, the place being uniformly called Wanataw, and the name spelled just as I spell it, letter for letter.

Lafayette is a substantial city seated beneath a hill, but trying to climb up, reaching a hand over to meet a little sister on the other side. The name of this town should undoubtedly be pronounced, as indeed I once heard it, Laf-a-yet; for the probabilities are that it will laugh a-yet, though it has a gloomy countenance at present, owing to the vast quantities of coal smoke which shroud it, especially in the lower part. The hill laughs even now, and will always have the laugh on the valley. There is one abomination here, which I think should receive due reprobation and even vituperation from every honest traveller. Of course I allude to the artesian well, of which all good Lafayettans feel bound in honor to sip with apparent pleasure. They go even so far as to inveigle innocent strangers into drinking of the nauseating beverage, and then berate them loudly if they do not lavish unmerited praise upon the same. If the city really wishes to laugh a-yet it will at once cork up that well; for people who feel bound every morning to contort their features with drink-

ing of that "mineral water," will certainly never learn to smile in a natural manner.

By this good city flows the dark and sluggish Wabash. It is fabled that a whole tribe of wild Indians, dressed in feathers and war paint, and led by their chief rigged out in his hawk's bells and green glass beads, plunged into this stream to escape the "advance of civilization," singing in mournful dirge as they sank towards the bottom, "*Away bosh! Away bosh!*" and so their dirge is heard above the river still "*Away bosh!*" 'Wabash! The river, before that time clear and silvery, with a pebbly bottom, has since flown dark and sluggish. The Indians are said to have been of a dark tawny or copperish color.

At Greencastle, which is a city set upon a hill, we did not observe the "castle," nor did we see anything "green," except indeed the vegetation, and also a certain switch-tender, to whom the whole party would willingly tender a "switch" of the most effective kind.

Cloverdale, and many other equally bewitchingly named towns, rush by as the darkness grew apace, and must pass quickly in this letter. Not so however with a very proper kind of hen-house, not far from Cloverdale. Hen fanciers will please apply to me personally for a fitting description of this remarkable structure—I could not divulge farther to the general unappreciative public.

The approach to New Albany is along the skirts of great hills of solid rock, through which, from time to time, the road bursts impatient, literally tearing the "rock-ribbed hills" into tatters. New Albany, as seen by moonlight, and by a set of anxious pedestrians, carrying bundles and babies, is rather more imposing than attractive; though I have no doubt we shall be much pleased with this most noted Indiana city on the Ohio when we see it again, and by daylight, as we hope to do. I must confess, however, begging pardon of all good New Albanians, that I have a prejudice against all second-hand names of towns and boys. Shakspeare Smith, Napoleon Jones, Toledo, New Albany, etc., are not named in good taste. A great town, as well as a great man, should have a name of its own.

PERSONAL.

In Lafayette I was delighted to see a face well known to your readers, that of Rev. Dr. Hallinan. I have only to say that he is in good health and pleasant as ever, and that he seemed quite pleased to hear from his old friends and acquaintance. At the same place I saw several of the religious of Holy Cross, who are unwearied in their chosen task, teaching the young idea how to shoot in a luxuriant and healthy manner. At the Crossing I had seen one well known in other days at Notre Dame, Mr. John Dunlap. His hearty form and ruddy cheeks show what a successful farmer may be manufactured out of a studious A.B.

An invited *sompagnon de voyage* was General Packard, our Member of Congress, with whom I, as indeed every member of the party, had many a pleasant chat. His social qualities may be summed up at once by saying that he is a whole-souled gentleman. He manifested much pleasure at meeting

one from Notre Dame, of which, as well as of St. Mary's, he has many pleasant recollections.

We were also favored with the company of Miss Ream, the well-known correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, a very intelligent and entertaining literary woman, of whose well-earned reputation our State may well feel proud.

I must not forget another fair one, whose embrace is dear to St. Mary's, Miss Davenport of Elkart, whose sweet, rich voice enchanted us, as in the moonlight we floated down the beautiful Ohio.

As the law recognizes corporations to be a kind of persons, I think I shall be equally generous and mention two or three. We passed two famous colleges on our route to New Albany, the Ashbury University at Greencastle, and the State University at Bloomington. The former is not in sight from the road, and I cannot give you a description of it. The latter is a small, neat, brown-colored brick building, situated in a pleasant square; but, altogether, it did not seem to me quite worthy of the State of Indiana.

The Lahr House at Lafayette must not be passed over in silence; it is everything, and has everything that the weary or hungry traveller can desire; and he who sojourns within its walls will never have cause to rise up and speak against it.

But the L. N. A. and C. R. R. is the corporation of which I would make especial mention. That legal personage did everything for us, and more too, that a "natural-born person" could do. Two well-furnished special cars were provided for us free, all necessary telegraphy was free, and every service from every officer was freely rendered.

Our special thanks are due to the General Superintendent, M. Sloat; the General Ticket Agent, S. K. Hooker, and the very gentlemanly Conductor, John P. Bentley. In conclusion I have to say to all my friends travelling south or north, remember the old New Albany road.

Dear Scholastic, I will refrain this time from taking you afloat the "beautiful river," but will only say *Au revoir.*

H.

The Middle Ages.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. EDWARD'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION,
MARCH 15, 1869.

BY M. B. B.

[CONTINUED.]

STATE OF SOCIETY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

To determine the character of any age, we should make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with those prominent features which at all times, and in all places, exert a decided influence upon the condition of society, and constitute the basis of its civilization. These determining features are, first, its moral condition, represented by religion; secondly, its social status, as shown by the state of its laws and government; thirdly, its intellectual state, as evinced by its schools, its literature, its in-

ventions and improvements, and the state of the arts and sciences; fourthly, its material condition as indicated by its agriculture and manufactures. These may be termed the elements of civilization, and by tracing their condition and development during the Middle Ages we will be enabled to form a fair judgment of the general state of that period. We cannot, of course, enter into a detailed examination of each of these elements, as this would require several lectures; but a general review of them will be quite sufficient to give us a just and comprehensive view of the period which we are considering. We will therefore proceed with our inquiring, taking up these elements in the order in which we have placed them.

I—RELIGION.

In our inquiries into the state of religion, we should be careful to distinguish between principle or doctrine, and practice; for, to maintain a principle or hold a doctrine, and to practise it, or enforce its practice by others, are two very different things. With the doctrine or religious principles of the Church we are not now concerned, and will only remark that a candid inquiry will convince anyone that they have not changed one particle since the days of the Apostles. Our business at present is with the practice of that doctrine, and hence our judgment in reference to the activity of the Church, will depend upon her efforts to bring about the acceptance and enforce the practice of that sublime, elevating, civilizing doctrine, and, in reference to her actual efficiency and success, in this respect, we should decide, as before intimated, by the final results of those efforts.

That many abuses mingled with the practice of religion in that age of social delirium, cannot be denied. From the downfall of the Western Empire, or even an earlier period, to the end of the tenth century, society resembled an invalid whose disease had been already acted upon by powerful medicines. For, as such an invalid experiences for a time a much greater degree of weakness and lassitude after the violence of his disease has been overcome than while it raged in all its unrestrained fury, and in that state is much more exposed to a relapse from slight causes than he would be at another time from greater ones; so was society, lately purged of the foul disease of paganism, by the saving medicine of Christianity, reduced to a state of moral prostration, and painfully susceptible to the influence of every deteriorating cause.

During all this time, however, the Church, like a faithful physician and kind nurse, stood by the bedside of prostrate humanity, administering restoratives till returning health gave new vigor to the hitherto listless form. Under this skillful and unwearying treatment, strength gradually returned; and, towards the close of the tenth century, society had revolved itself into something like order, in the establishment of the feudal system, which we may designate as a species of compromise between utter barbarism and Christian morality, or in other words, as a sort of medium between the absolute will of the barbarian chief and the systematic government exemplified in the monastic institutions of the time. Yet, notwithstanding this glimmering of order, abuses still continued, and even received a degree of sanction from the feudal institution which they did not enjoy before. In accordance with the spirit of that system, founded, as it was, upon a very imperfect appreciation of the moral principles of justice and accountability, the most crying wrongs, petits wars, party revenges, and even private murder, were of daily occurrence. The most revolting immorality, a sad relic of paganism, intensified by barbarian recklessness, prevailed generally, and were looked upon with scarcely a passing concern by the great mass of the people, whose minds, but lately rescued from the moral chaos into which they had been plunged

by the shipwreck of society, were not yet capable of comprehending the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice.

Even the clergy of the time did not escape the prevalent contagion; for the fact that the crying necessities of the age rendered it not unfrequently necessary to admit rather hastily into that important body, men whose qualifications, in point of learning and virtue, had not previously been ascertained by the usual term of probation, afforded an opportunity for wicked and depraved men to intrude themselves into the sanctuary by artifice and hypocrisy, of which very many availed themselves. Hence it is not at all surprising that examples, by no means rare, of scandalous excesses, occurred also among the clergy, who, after all, are men like the rest of the human family. Yet it would be both unfair and unreasonable to attribute these scandals to religion itself, or conclude that they were in accordance with the religious spirit of the times. On the contrary, the frequent excommunications of bad priests, the deposition of scandalous bishops, the numerous councils convoked for the purpose of reforming abuses, and establishing order and regularity among the clergy, abundantly prove with what energy and determination the Church strove to counteract the loose morality of the times; and that these excesses, the natural offspring of human passions and of the evil inclinations of our fallen nature, happened, rather in spite of the opposing influence of religion, whose rightful provence it is to counteract these evil tendencies of nature and lead man, by the path of virtue to the attainment of his destiny.

To see the true spirit of the Church, then, we must consider her successes in counteracting the influence of passions and natural depravity, as evidenced in those thousands, whose lives of heroic virtue and of devotedness to the service of God and of their fellow men, illustrated those centuries of general dissoluteness; and also in those grand movements, inaugurated under the inspiration of religion and the direction of the Church, and to which society, in a great measure, owes its preservation. What, for instance, inspired those thousands of earnest souls—those much calumniated monks of the *Dark Ages*—to separate themselves from the outer world,—to renounce all the pleasures, honors and emoluments of the world, that they might devote themselves exclusively to prayer, study and works of Christian charity?—That their life might be, in the language of Wordsworth:

“A life to solemn contemplation given,
To labor and to prayer, to nature and to heaven.”

It was religion. Ambition may spur on to brilliant deeds, when honor, fame, or wealth, is to be the reward; but religion alone can inspire a love for a laborious obscurity, and sustain the soul amid exertions from which no earthly gain is to be expected. What inspired a Peter the Hermit to ask the sanction of Pope Urban II to raise an army for the liberation of the Holy Land out of the hands of the Saracens? and when that far-seeing Pontiff, perceiving the immense benefits of such a movement, in uniting Europe, equalizing the different orders of society, and drawing off the attention of the Turks, who then threatened to pour down upon Europe and plunge it back into that sad confusion from which it was gradually rising, gave not only his approval, but the greatest encouragement; what was it that influenced the thousands of brave knights and princely barons to abandon all personal ease and interest to follow the standard of the Cross into the land of Palestine? It was religion—the same that inspired the countless martyrs of the first three centuries with the courage of heroes, and enabled them to extort the unwilling admiration of their very persecutors. What bound those noble orders of knights together for the protection of the weak and oppressed, against the strong and powerful? It was again the spirit of

religion, breathing benevolence and Christian charity into the hearts of those who understood and appreciated her godlike beauty.

Say not, then, that a religion which could inspire such deeds of self-sacrificing heroism, a religion which could make men strong in the midst of weakness, and holy in the midst of corruption, was itself weak or corrupt, or that it did not exert a beneficial, a saving influence upon the age which we are considering.

But religion is so intimately associated with all the movements and events of the Middle Ages, that its influence will be apparent at every step we make in our inquiry into the condition of the times. We will, therefore, leave this subject, for the present, and pass to the consideration of the second element of social progress, Laws and government.

The Knights of St. John.

ESSAY, READ BY ELEANOR M. EWING, OF THE GRADUATING CLASS, ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, JUNE, 1870.

To the Christian student there is no period of history more interesting than that which tells of the desperate and long-continued struggle between the Christian powers of Europe and the numberless armies of Turks and Saracens, who were masters of all Asia, and threatened to overrun and conquer all Europe. In reading that history we will ever find the illustrious Knights of St. John foremost in every battle, sacrificing all on earth for the safety of Christendom. Christianity always has had heroic followers and defenders, and among the best, the truest, the most faithful, are the glorious Knights of St. John. They have not received in history the praises they deserve; but they did not labor for fame, but for the safety of Christian Europe. When Jerusalem was taken by the conquering armies of Godfrey; when the standard of the Cross had replaced the crescent; when pious pilgrims could visit the tomb of our Saviour and places which had been sanctified by His earthly presence in the Holy Land, on which the sunshine of God's love and protection had ever rested in a particular manner,—then and there the Order of the Knights of St. John was established. There they performed deeds of valor and bravery, and gained from the pagan soldiers the well-deserved name of “heroes of the Christian armies.” It was there they founded their famous “Zenedochia,” where both Christian and infidel were received with that warm-hearted hospitality that won the respect and admiration of all. Besides the title of heroes of the Christian armies, which was bestowed upon them, they gave to themselves another title, as glorious as the first, and of which they proved themselves equally deserving: “Servants of the poor of Christ,” was the glorious title they assumed. Their large hospitals were ever filled with pilgrims and “Christ's poor,” whom they cherished and loved as brothers. Thus their mission was two-fold—to fight against the Saracens, and to sustain and comfort their poor and sick brethren. Avenging angels, ministers of God's justice and retribution, they were on the battle-field; but angels of mercy and peace when ministering to the suffering poor. They helped to fight the glorious battles of the eight crusades; but long after the ardor of others had cooled, the spirit of the Crusaders continued to burn in in their valiant hearts. They watched the lessening sails of the ships bearing the Crusaders across the peaceful Mediterranean to their western homes; yet they, the few heroic ones, did not falter in once their firm resolve to stay and defend the holy places. Soon, however, they were obliged to leave, on account of the persecutions of the Saracens and the indifference of the Christian princes. Sadly and mournfully, after a day of

bloody fight, and courageous but useless resistance, the remnant of their once flourishing community bade adieu to the Holy Land—dear to every heart, but doubly dear to them; for it had been the birthplace and cradle of their Order, and the witness of many a Crusader's martyrdom. Then, without a home on earth, ignored and unaided, yet guided by the bright star of hope, perseveringly they toiled on until they finally established themselves in Rhodes, which, under their control, became the most beautiful island in the Mediterranean. One great characteristic of the Knights was their unbounded charity, or hospitality. At Simiso, though there were scarcely sufficient accommodations for themselves, their first care was to erect an hospital , they said: "without its hospital the Order could not exist." In Rhodes, in the midst of their splendor and luxury, they still preserved, fresh and vigorous, the spirit that had animated them in Jerusalem and Acre. Their charity was not confined to Christians; after the battle, they carefully traversed the battle-field and carried to their hospitals the wounded and dying, both friends and enemies.

When Dijeur, the son of Mahomet II, and brother to Bajazet, took refuge in Rhodes, the Knights received him joyfully, and welcomed him with honor. Let us pause for a moment to contemplate this act, the brightest link in the chain of their glorious deeds. Viewing Dijeur, as an infidel prince, as an enemy to Christianity, the Knights of St. John, as soldiers of the Cross and defenders of Christianity, were his strongest opponents. But the moment he comes wounded, poor, persecuted and suffering, then their duty changes; for as Knights hospitallers, in accordance with their vow of universal charity, they were bound to relieve his distress. Had he come in his dignity of Ottoman prince, the Knights would have contended with him for every inch of ground; but when he comes poor and suffering, they received him with open arms. What impartial, strict adherence to duty! What universal, boundless generosity and forgiveness! In every part of their long career, the Knights of St. John ever trod the thorny path of duty. In their halcyon day of religious joy and happiness, when all seemed light and sunshine in Jerusalem; and when homeless and friendless, and when in the midst of their power and wealth; on the deserts of Africa, or in the crowded cities of Europe; when praised or blamed and persecuted, they were ever the same "defenders of christendom," and "fathers of the poor." When all things around them changed; when the grand Crusading spirit, that once animated the hearts of all, entirely died out, amidst the infidelity that characterized the sixteenth century,—still the Knights of St. John remained true children of the Church. When blamed and persecuted by the ungrateful Christians whom they were protecting from war and destruction, they murmured not; they did not pause one moment in their work of self-sacrifice and heroism; they did God's work in this unappreciating world, and expected their reward from God alone.

Their lives and their heroic deeds come from the golden past, like a grand, majestic hymn from some old and ruined cathedral. Not one discord mars its harmony, but there is great variety in its tones. Sometimes, as when the Knights were leaving Rhodes, their beautiful home, we hear sounds of lamentation and sorrow; and then a burst of glad, triumphal music greets us, as when the mighty and countless armies of Turks were defeated at Malta and Lepanto.

True to their trust the Knights of St. John ever were. Famous from their very establishment, terrible in battle, yet moderate, humane and forgiving to their conquered enemies, pious and devout, yet practicing a dignified and exalted obedience to lawful authority, commanding honor and

respect even in adversity or defeat, never disheartened, never looking for reward, dutiful children of the Church, and humble, loving and devout clients of Mary, the Mother of God, to whose protection they attributed all their victories, and to whom they looked for aid when in distress.

There may be, in this age of skepticism, some who think that the chivalry displayed in defense of the holy places was a useless waste of courage; but let a vandal horde lay ruthless hands on the tomb of Washington; let the patriotic American be excluded from Mount Vernon by a despotic foe,—how promptly would legions of brave citizens rush to rescue that sacred spot. Should the Christian have less reverence for that land made holy by every association dear to the Christian heart?

When we think of the Knights of St. John, all that is grand, heroic and sublime, is associated with them; our minds are filled with the memory of heroic deeds, countless in number, performed by a few, noble, fearless men. As long as there are generous, noble hearts, those glorious defenders of christendom will be praised and admired. The children of the Church owe to them an ever-increasing debt of gratitude, and even their enemies cannot withhold their praises from foes so truly brave, heroic and magnanimous.

Geography.

It has been repeatedly stated by the best educators of the age, that a large majority of the abuses of our school system or systems, centers in the primary schools, as giving the first impressions and laying the foundation of the future education. This is strictly true, and the experience of every practical teacher will corroborate the assertion, that to the instruction of our lower classes of pupils, should be brought great tact, experience and professional skill, with such knowledge and information as may be required to teach the young idea how to shoot, so that the tree may bring forth sound and wholesome fruit. Such a teacher will of necessity, select the best means within his reach, that will most effectually enable him to attain the end, he has in view, and no one will question that a good text book, clear, simple, yet lucid, but above all, severely correct, is essentially necessary; that is, if the teacher uses one at all. We have been led to these remarks by a critical examination of Guyot's text books on geography during a year's trial which we gave them in the class room; and in the face of all that has been trumpeted in their praise all over the country, and the long and high-sounding encomiums passed on them by hundreds, if not thousands, connected with various educational institutions, we are forced to the conclusion that as text books on geography, they are far inferior to many others now before the public, and not only that, but that their use is positively injurious to any student who takes them for his guide and adopts them as his model. We are well aware that this is an extreme view of these text books, and hence we give the reasons that have forced us to change our opinions regarding their character. In the first place, the authoress, Mrs. Smith, does not understand the English language sufficiently well to write correctly on any subject, much less that of a text book on geography, or any other subject. Of this fact she furnishes abundant evidence throughout the whole series, and this proof of her ignorance of the English language has run through the several editions of the series that have been issued.

Thus on page 51 of the Elementary, the pupil is informed that "the soil is fertile, but not so much pains is taken in tilling it;" on page 25, that "the mountains are covered with forests. Many of them are of pine." On page 31, peaches and strawberries are described as "vegetables." Thus, "in New Jersey many peaches, strawberries, and other fruits and

vegetables are raised." This is in imitation, we suppose, of the negro, who told his master that he had no one helping him all day, but another Irish woman and himself. On the fourth page of the Elementary the beginner is informed that some States are divided into districts, parishes and hundreds;" placing "and" in place of "or."

In the statements of facts, these text books are frequently false and erroneous. In what is termed a "Reference Map of the United States," Intermediate, pages 94 and 95, edition 1870, the Wisconsin river is represented as rising about the middle of Wisconsin, running thence to the North boundary of that state, and thence South East, and emptying into the waters of Green Bay, and going in its course to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, whereas it rises in the northern part of the state, empties into the Mississippi, and finds its way into the Gulf of Mexico. The St. Croix river in the same State, is made to run north to Lake Superior, in place of running south and emptying into the Mississippi river. On the 46th page of the Elementary we are gravely told that, "in the west good farming land is scarce," and on the next page, "that sandy land when tilled produces good crops."

The Intermediate, page 80, informs us that "the Illinois river is navigable *at all seasons* to a considerable distance above Peoria;" whereas such a thing never has happened, and most probable never will happen, as it is frozen over from three to four months in the year.

The work is still more erroneous in its definitions. Thus on page three of the Elementary, "surface" is defined as the "outside of anything." So the outside of the school-room is the *surface of the school-room*; the outside of a circle is its *surface*, etc. On page 18, the young beginner is told that "a sea, gulf or bay," (as if they were synonymous) "is a part of the ocean, running into the land;" but in the common school, this is reversed; and he is then informed that "*the parts of the sea* between the continents are called oceans!!" Thus we find in the Elementary that the sea is part of the ocean, and in the common school, that the *oceans* are parts of the sea. It is the same with the word "Geography," of which there are three different definitions given, all different from one another, and not one of them correct. Thus, in the Elementary, (page 5), geography is defined as "a correct description of the earth's surface, and the countries and people upon it; and that to *learn* about these things in any way, is to study geography." Here all the arts and sciences, everything that man can image, concerning the past, present and the future, physical, natural or spiritual, are comprehended under the term geography. In the Intermediate, it is defined as "teaching us about the earth, which was made to be our home;" and in the Common School it is laid down that "a description of all the countries of the earth and their inhabitants is called geography." Here are contradictions enough to puzzle any pupil, and following any of which, will lead him into innumerable errors.

So it is throughout these books. Every page is full of errors, which could not possibly have been committed by one qualified by education, experience, and possessed of the required information needed, in order to be able to write a good TEXT BOOK on Geography. But in place of these essential requirements, we find the author full of overweening confidence, and bold assumption of great superiority over all other writers of geography. Of the defects and deficiencies of the Guyot maps, we have barely spoken; but anyone may see how deficient they are by comparing them with Mitchell's. On the map of South America in Mitchell's Intermediate will be seen the mighty Amazon in its modern condition, with sixteen towns and cities standing on its banks and those of its branches; we find Railroads in Brazil, Chili; and the highest peaks of the Andes are definitely laid down, being

in various places 16,152, 22,000, 21,286, 31,420; while the highest point known of the Atlantic range is but little over one fourth these heights, being Mount Hambe, in the diamond district of Brazil, which is only 5,960 feet above the level of the sea. Not a particle of all this most interesting information can be learned from Guyot's map, in which not a town nor village can be found on the banks of the largest river in the world; not a railroad in all South America; not even the world-renowned railroad across the Isthmus of Panama! All is dumb blank; and although the map is daubed and disfigured with mountain indications, not a particle of distinct or definite information is exhibited that the mind or reason of the pupil can comprehend or store away in his understanding for future utility. We now understand why over one hundred of the teachers in the Cincinnati public school, in a statement now lying before us, condemn Guyot's geographies, and also why the city of Pittsburgh, after giving them one year's trial, also rejected them and reintroduced Mitchell's geographies, which had been used in its public schools for the previous thirty years.

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A Beautiful Sight.

We have seldom in our life witnessed a more heart-touching spectacle than that which was presented on Sunday the 13th inst.

The anniversary of the dedication of our church at Notre Dame is annually celebrated on the first Sunday after the octave of All Saints' Day. It is one of the chief religious festivals of the year, and all the outward display which the Church in her ritual allows to be made in order to add to the piety and increase the fervor of devotion is made use of on the occasion. The church is decorated in its grandest style, the number of lights that burn on and around the altar is greater than on ordinary days, and the long train of acolytes preceding the clergy impresses on the mind through the medium of the sight an idea of how much interest is taken by all in the celebration of the festival. Add to this the more than usual care bestowed upon the music, and it becomes evident even to those who have not been present at a like occasion at Notre Dame, that the anniversary of the dedication of our church is a festival that draws the attention of all.

But this year an additional feature was added, in the presence of three brothers in the sanctuary, all of them formerly students of Notre Dame, and all of them now members of the Congregation of Holy Cross, and priests of the Catholic Church; we mean the Rev. Peter Lauth, who was ordained priest some years ago, and his two Rev. brothers John and Jacob, upon whom the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati conferred the holy Order of priesthood on Friday the 11th inst. At the solemn High Mass at ten o'clock Rev. Jacob Lauth was Celebrant, Rev. John Lauth, Deacon, and Rev. Peter Lauth, Subdeacon.

Among those who witnessed this scene—who were present at this first Mass of the youngest of the brothers, the Rev. Father Jacob Lauth, there were many who had good reason to wish them a long life of happiness and usefulness. There were

old College mates who had chosen other paths in life; there were among the clergy some of their old professors to whom they were now aggregated, and also their pupils whom they are now instructing in their respective classes. All of them joined in a fervent wish for a long life of usefulness to the three Rev. brothers.

AN exchange, always welcome, the *McKendree Repository*, is accountable for the following.

A Connecticut fisherman one day baited his hook with a live frog. After patiently waiting some time for a bite, as he chatted with a friend, he found that his lively bait had swam ashore, and was sitting quietly on the rock by his side. He wound up his line and went home.

The same gives a poem illustrative of the tenses. We give some specimen stanzas:

Sally Sulter, she was a teacher, who taught,
And her friend, Charley Church, was a preacher who
praught,
Though his enemies called him a screecher who scraught.

They were united in the bands of matrimony, in
the Church,

Then homeward, he said, let us drive and he drove,
And as soon as they wished to arrive, they arrove,
For whatever he couldn't contrive, she controve.

But after a while Sally changed, and
The man Sally wanted to catch and had caught—
That she wanted from others to snatch and had
snaught—
Was the one that she now liked to scratch and she
scraught.

THERE WAS a slight fall of snow on the 15th inst.

BASE-BALL has killed twenty-five persons during
the past season.

"THE last Rose of Summer" was very sweetly
delivered at the last exhibition by Robert Staley.

THE Ducks have not yet made their appearance
on our lakes, to the great disappointment of hunt-
ers at Notre Dame.

THE classes, somewhat interfered with during
the late holidays, have now resumed their regular-
ity, and every branch of studies is vigorously pur-
sued.

A GAME of foot-ball took place last Friday in the
Senior's play-ground, between forty or fifty of the
best players. After a few well-contested battles,
victory perched on the banners of the lucky side.

OWING to the absence of Rev. Father P. Lauth
there was no second Mass at St. Mary's on Sunday
the 6th inst., and the young ladies of the academy
attended the High Mass at ten o'clock in the col-
lege church.

WE hear that the orchestra of the Juniors
has already given two concerts which were very
creditable to the performers. We hope that every
Sunday evening will be enlivened by the joyous
strains of these orchestras.

AN attempt is making among the Seniors to form
an orchestra similar to that already existing in the
Junior Department. We know it will be a success,
because there is no lack of good musical talent
among the seniors, and we trust there is no lack of
energy and good will.

THE vocal class has made great progress, lately.
It did well at the last exhibition. We were partic-
ularly glad to witness the first appearance of the
new debutants. The class is increasing in number;
this is as it should be; it should be double in num-
ber before the end of the session. We trust that
music will become a still more popular art at Notre
Dame. Without some knowledge of it a young man
cannot pretend to have a complete education.

Obituary.

With deep regret we chronicle the death of Mr. OLIVER P. TONG, who died in Columbus, the 5th inst., in his 57th year. Mr. Tong had been ailing for some time previous, and his death was not unexpected; it was however none the less keenly felt by his family and large circle of friends. Prof. Tong had been called to his father's bedside and the melancholy consolation of being present with him in his last moments, and, with all the family, the greater consolation of knowing that his father died within the "one fold," having received the Sacrament of Baptism the day before he died.

Hon. Elisha Egbert.

South Bend has lost one of its oldest and most honored inhabitants, by the death of Judge Egbert, who died on the 4th inst.

We learn from the South Bend *Register* that Judge Egbert was born in New Jersey in 1806. At an early day he removed to Lebanon, Ohio. He studied law with Hon. Thos. Corwin, then a rising young lawyer. He removed to South Bend in 1839, when he was twenty-three years of age, and engaged, on his first arrival, in teaching school. As the oldest teacher in the country, he is recollecting by some of our citizens of middle age. Hon. T. S. Stanfield, then 14 years of age, was one of his first pupils. Judge Egbert was present at the organization of the first Court in Elkhart, Laporte and St. Joseph Counties; and was the last survivor of the first members of the bar of Northern Indiana. He was said to be the first admitted to practice in the courts north of the Wabash river, and was plaintiff in the third suit on the records of St. Joseph county. In 1844 he was appointed Probate Judge. With the exception of one term, which time he spent in farming, he continued to hold that position until the office was abolished in 1852, when he was elected Common Pleas Judge, which position he held for eighteen years, up to the time of his disease. Many were the changes in political parties in the course of his long judicial career; but so fully did he have the confidence of his fellow-citizens that his election seemed to follow as a matter of course.

Mr. E. H. KELLY, of St. Paul, was here on a visit to see his ward and nephew.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop gained the hearts of all, especially of the Juniors, by giving them an extra recreation day.

✓ PROF. C. A. B. VON WELLER has nearly finished the frescoing of the Senior refectory. The paintings reflect credit on the talent and taste of the artist.

MR. JOHN C. GAULT, General Superintendent of N. W. R. R., visited the College on the 14th inst., for the purpose of placing his son in the College.

PROF. T. E. HOWARD is now making an extensive southern tour, as member of the editorial corps and correspondent of the SCHOLASTIC. He is expected back next week.

WE had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. Ely, the private secretary of President Grant. Mr. Healy leaves his sons at the College and his daughter at the Academy of St. Mary's.

REV. F. CARRIER, S.S.C., delivered, before a large number of students, the following lecture, Wednesday, 16th inst.: "The Record of the Bible and the Record of the Rocks not contradicting, but proving each other."

REV. MESSRS. JOHN AND JACOB LAUTH were ordained Priests on the 11th inst., by Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell. The Rev. gentlemen had been ordained successively subdeacon and deacon the two preceding days.

THE pastor of St. Joseph's church, Mishawaka, Rev. F. Oeetering, favored us with his presence the evening of the 18th inst. His visits to our sanctum are like angels', and we could say of him in the words of the song: "Thou art so near, and yet so far."

Most Rev. J. B. PURCELL, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati; Right Rev. J. H. Luers, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne; Right Rev. C. H. Borgess, D. D., Bishop of Detroit, and Right Rev. A. H. Toebbe, D. D., Bishop of Covington, honored the College and Academy with their presence for several days.

WITH many a merry word,—cordial ones, coming from the heart—we welcomed Rev. Father Graham, who has so often edified the readers of *AVE MARIA* in both prose and poetry. He has kindly promised not only to write regularly for *AVE MARIA*, but to help our other contributors in making the *SCHOLASTIC* one of the most readable papers in the North West.

REV. FATHER ZUVOLLERN, pastor of Plymouth, made us a flying visit last week. We had hoped he would remain several days, but urgent business demanded his presence at home. We hear with pleasure that he is succeeding even beyond the expectations of those who expected much from him in his parish, and the large school-house he is now erecting is an earnest of what he can do.

WE were agreeably surprised to find our Rev. friend, Father Borgess, in the press-room, where he had arrived in his review of the places he had seen some years ago. He was admiring our steam power press. Father Borgess, in giving pleasure to his friends by his presence, had for himself the pleasure of meeting his Right Rev. nephew, the Bishop of Detroit, who arrived a few days after his Rev. uncle.

REV. FATHER GRAHAM, who is on visit to Notre Dame, occupied the pulpit of the college church, Sunday, the 6th inst., and preached on the text taken from the gospel of the day—Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's. His words deeply impressed all who heard him, for even apart from his commanding form, his few but eloquent gestures, and his powerful voice, the subject matter of his thrilling discourse would have held enchain'd the attention of his hearers. When, however, both the manner of the preacher and the matter of his discourse united to draw the attention of his hearers, it is not surprising that his words had a powerful effect even upon college students and all.

Sprightly.

Between the College building and the steam house is a space of some fifty feet wide and some two hundred and more feet in length, having the pump at one end, and the windows of the Secretary's office at the other. I had never considered this yard in the light of a dancing hall until one day last week, standing at the back entrance to the College, I witnessed the most exciting, whirlingest, elfin-like dance that was ever given to mortal eyes to see.

The wind was high that day, and being the first of the season he was in glorious trim and most excellent humor, and was evidently bent on making an impression. As he rushed gaily through the archway to the west of the College, leading into the yard, he inspired all its occupants with his own headlong dare-devil helter-skelter spirit. Bro. Bonaventure had not been around in the yard for some time with barrow and broom, and the consequence was a heterogeneous accumulation of Autumn leaves, scraps of newspapers, stray leaves of copy books, bits of paper boxes, and a few larger bundles of rags or paper, throughout the length

and breadth of that yard. One bundle, larger than any of the other objects, might have been considered the leading individual among them. As the wind entered the archway, he was welcomed by an immense commotion among all the occupants of the yard. The smaller bits of paper in high glee cut a thousand capers, and some of the more giddy leaves went whirling past the steam house towards the office, before the windows of which they executed a most brilliant and exciting round dance, for the edification of the grave secretary, who intent on his business, as he always is, heeded not the whirling throng without.

The more sober leaves and heavier papers—some having on them the profound problems of the Juniors—had made an involuntary movement to join the dance, but, perceiving the absurdity of the position, quietly ranged themselves under the eaves of the steam house and along the "omnibus track," usually known as Mugby Station.

The round dance failing to attract the attention of the staid and sober Secretary, the dancers whirled back in disgust up the middle of the yard towards the pump, drawing into their rapid train many of the lighter objects that had ranged themselves along the sides of the yard. Those especially were drawn into the vortex who had refrained from joining the dance at first, not through principle but simply by the example of their heavier companions—a lesson to young folks to act upon principle, and to old ones to give good example. The movement became relaxed as they chasséed up to the pump, and the big bundle looked on approvingly at what he must have considered a cessation of terpsichorean antics, when the wind starting afresh, and helped along by another coming round the corner of the College next to the office, set the whole population in an uproar. From both ends to the center they rushed like two armies, and meeting in the middle had a general mêlée and then a whirling waltz around and around. Even the heavy bundle tumbled along, in and out through the fleetly moving leaves, papers, and bits of paper boxes. The wind became still more excited [and set three whirligig movements going at once; and despatched the heavy bundle on a *pas seul* the full length of the yard. You may talk of the German, and the rush of the Lancers, and the high flights of the *can-can*, but none of those could to this be compared. I was gazing intently on the general effect when my hat gave evident signs of wishing to partake in the amusement, to which demurring, I retired.

Book Notices.

THE TWO CROWNS. A Drama in One Act, for young ladies.

LILIA; OR, THE TEST. A Drama in Two Acts, for young ladies.

Both of these dramas are translated from the French by a pupil of the Academy of Visitation, Baltimore, and published by Messrs. Murphy & Co. They are well suited for representation in Catholic schools, for young ladies, as all the characters are female, and the sentiment and moral, excellent.

THE following letter, from Prof. Stace, is in reply to one from the St. Cecilia Society, accompanying the handsome medal which the Society had voted to present to him, as an acknowledgment of his valuable services, and a testimony of their feelings towards him:

CLINTON, November 1, 1870.

Rev. Father Lemonnier, Prof. Lyons, and young gentlemen of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society:

On this glorious festival of the Church Triumphant, while Blessed Cecilia, our holy patroness, is singing in the vastest choir in the universe, her hymns of thanksgiving for the joys of everlasting

life, let us also rejoice, and let our songs of gladness, though arising from different regions of the earth, be united before the eternal throne.

It was yesterday, the eve of this great festival, that I received from you the precious remembrance,—the pledge of friendship and union—that you had the kindness to send me. Precious, indeed, in material and workmanship; but still more precious as being to me the token that you still remember one who will never forget you.

Often, when reposing in the wilderness, beneath the twinkling stars of the blue Missourian sky, are my slumbers visited by the well-known faces of other days. Then again do I see Rev. Father Lemonnier advancing to greet me with his welcoming smile—do I grasp the generous and friendly hand of Prof. Lyons—do I count once more the merry faces of the St. Cecilians, as, robed in the fantastic costumes of the drama, they sit before me in the dreamlight.

God bless you, dear friends, and although on earth we may never meet again, yet may there come a day when, above the empyrean, we may, once more united, listen together to the entrancing music of the Blessed Cecilia and her heavenly choir. Such is the fervent wish of

Your sincere friend and associate,

A. J. STACE

Arrivals.

Edward L. McGee,	Bloomington, Ind.
Deringer Todd,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Lloyd Webster Forbes,	Laporte, Ind.
Charles H. Lenhart,	Peru, Ind.
Uri Aston,	Newport, Ind.
Malachy Hart,	Lawrence, Mass.
Daniel Hudson,	Nahant, Mass.
John Culver.	Seymour, Ind.
John Ewing,	Lancaster, Ohio.
John M. McCarty,	Huntington, Ind.
John Fawsett,	Oshkosh, Wis.
Martin Daly,	Silver Creek, Mich.
J. P. Kane,	Ypsilanti, Mich.
Louis Hilsendegen,	Detroit, Mich.
John O'Meara,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Henry S. Ely,	Chicago, Ill.
Taylor L. Ely,	Chicago, Ill.
Edward E. Gault,	Chicago, Ill.
John Clarke,	Quincy, Mich.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

November 4th—John Mulquinn, W. Rogers, M. Spellacy, J. Heine, J. McCormack, J. Evans, J. Zimmer, F. Federspiel, A. Loringer, T. Ireland.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

November 4th—T. Foley, J. Taylor, H. Waldhauser, A. Hoerber, C. Ort Mayer, C. Campbell, S. Hoover, F. Whitney, H. Waltering, F. Obert, C. Schepberg.

M. A. J. B., *See*.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

October 22—C. Campeau, J. Montidonic, E. DeGroot, S. Deehan, W. Cunningham, A. Foster.

November 5—H. Quan, W. Byrne, H. O'Brian, H. Deehan, A. Morton, F. Huck.

Honorable Mentions.

FRENCH.

J. Gearin, J. Antoine, L. Hayes, T. O'Mahony, J. Mulquinn, E. Haydel, J. Loranger.

GERMAN.

T. Dillon, D. Eagan, J. Zimmer, C. Duffy, J. McHugh, J. A. Fox.

C. Hutchings, J. Shanahan, J. Rourke, J. Walsh, J. Ward, C. Ort Mayer, W. Smith.

W. Wooster, E. Gillen, A. Brown, J. Evans, C.

Chester, S. Miller, M. Melancon, J. McCormack, M. Spellacy, H. Turner.

J. Wuest, J. McGuire, J. Ireland, B. Luhn, H. Woltring, W. Wilstach.

C. Peterson, H. Ackhoff, H. Krueger, H. Potter, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, C. Schperberg, R. Lange, J. McFarland, J. Taylor, J. Hubert, L. Roth, A. Barth, J. Goodhue, H. Jones, S. Hoover, P. McDonell, F. Joseph, H. Waldhauser, E. Gribling, S. Egan, F. McDonaald.

DRAWING.

N. Mitchell, J. McGahan, C. Ortmayer, J. Rumley.

CHOIR.

Soprani—R. Staley, A. Hoerber, J. Campbell, C. Ortmayer, J. McHugh, C. Hutchings, E. Shuster. Alto—J. Rumley, F. Obert, T. Foley.

Tenor—G. Riopelle, T. O'Mahony, J. McCormick, J. McGinity.

Bassi—A. Riopelle, J. Loranger, J. Zahm, A. Rogers.

VOCAL MUSIC.

A. Riopelle, N. Mitchell, G. Riopelle, W. Layfield, V. Hackmann, R. Staley, C. Hutchings, J. Campbell, R. Hutchings, E. Davis, L. Hayes, C. Clarke, F. Obert.

PIANO.

C. Campeau, H. Quan, C. Whitney, E. Raymond. C. Campbell, C. Ortmayer, H. Waldhauser, F. Obert, J. Heinz, M. Weldon.

VIOLIN.

J. Rumley, W. Dodge, J. McGuire, T. Foley, H. Jones, B. Roberts, J. Goesse, R. Lange, J. Wuest, J. Ward, S. Atkins, J. Loranger, T. Ireland, F. Zimmer.

Clarionette—C. Dodge.

Cornet—A. Kinkead.

Guitar—B. Vogt, J. Rudimann, G. Hoffmann.

Flute—R. Crenshaw.

The Twelfth Annual Exercises of the Festival of Saint Cecilia,

Respectfully dedicated, this year, to the Most Rev. J. B. Purcell, D. D., the patriarchal Archbishop of the United States, and to his zealous collaborators, Bishop Luers, D. D., of Fort Wayne; Bishop Borgess, D. D., of Detroit; and Bishop Toebe, D. D., of Covington, by the St. Cecilia Philomathic Association, of the Junior Collegiate Department and Philharmonic Society, University of Notre Dame, Indiana, Wednesday evening, November 9, 1870.



PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

Music—St. Cecilia March,.....N. D. Brass Band
Overture, (La Cenerentola,) Rossini,.....Orchestra
Chorus, Verdi,—A. and G. Riopelle, N. Mitchell, A. G. Brown, V. Hackmann, R. Staley, C. Hutchings, F. McDonald, L. Hayes, R. Hutchings, J. Campbell, F. Obert, C. Clarke, E. Davis, G. Hoffman, W. Fletchers, D. Egan.

Address from the Students,.....T. O'Mahony
Chorus, (Burlesque Band,).....Juniors
Speech, (St. Cecilia Society),.....M. Mahony
Chorus,.....Vocal Class
Recitation, (Patriot's last words),.....C. Dodge
Recitation,.....M. C. Hunter

Solo—"Last Rose of Summer,".....R. Staley
A novel way of delivering an old Selection, J. McHugh
Recitation,.....C. Berdell
Personation,.....L. Roth
Music,.....N. D. Brass Band
Prologue,.....L. Hayes
Music,.....Orchestra

PART II.

THE ROGUERIES OF SCAPIN,
A Comedy Translated and Adapted from the French of Molière

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Signor Argante, (Father of Octavius,).....C. Dodge
Signor Geronte, (Father of Leander,).....S. Ashton
Octavius,.....R. Staley
Leander.....C. Hutchings
Scapin, (the valet of Leander,).....C. Berdell
Sylvester, (the valet of Octavius,).....J. McHugh
Arnoph, (the valet of Geronte,).....J. Nash
Carl, (a friend of Scapin,).....L. Hayes
Attendants—Andrea,.....J. McGuire
Battista,.....J. Ward
Ernand,.....D. Hogan
Beneditto,.....J. Antoine
Terpsichoreans—Patruccio,.....L. Roth
Tiorcello,.....C. Ortmayer
Lino,.....B. Roberts
Fidelio,.....E. Shea
Giuseppe,.....J. Shanks
Francesco,.....F. Obert
Carlo,.....C. Peterson
Giovanni,.....J. Goodhue
Musicians—Rinaldo,.....J. Rumley
Guiscardo,.....S. Dum
Vincentio,.....V. Hackmann
Danicle,.....D. Egan
Epilogue,.....C. Berdell
Closing Remarks,.....Most Rev. J. B. Purcell
March for Retiring,.....N. D. Brass Band

N. B. During the play Master V. Hackmann will sing some of his choice songs.

The above was the programme that was adhered to throughout at the late celebration.

[WE publish the following report, written by one of the visitors to the College at the time of the celebration.—ED.]

Grand Celebration at Notre Dame University.

Anniversary Festival of the St. Cecilia Philomathic Association. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati; Bishop Luers, of Fort Wayne; Bishop Borgess, of Detroit; Bishop Toebe, of Covington; and a large number of clergymen present.

MR. EDITOR:—By a lucky chance we happened to call at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, lately. We have derived unexpected pleasure from the visits for many reasons. The Institution, and its useful and beautiful surroundings, is too well known to demand the slightest eulogy from me. The large attendance of pupils sufficiently attest the high esteem in which the University is held by all classes in the country. So I shall not dwell upon any of these things, but merely transmit you the impression made upon me by the twelfth annual exercises of the festival of St. Cecilia, held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 9th.

At seven o'clock the spacious theatre was well filled by an audience composed of the students of Notre Dame, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen from South Bend. After the entrance of Archbishop Purcell, and the prelates before mentioned, the proceedings commenced.

But, before going any further, we beg leave to be distinctly understood. We do not, in this short report, intend to follow the old hackneyed style, and injudiciously praise everything and every person. You may rely upon it, whatever we praise deserves it, whomsoever we applaud earned it by a solid exhibition of talent. Of course, we mean as far as our experience and judgment go.

The entertainment began, as usual, with music. The St. Cecilia March, by the brass band of the College, came first; an overture, by Rossini, fol-

lowed, in which the master displays his fine melody and then this portion of the evening's proceedings concluded with one of Verdi's finest choruses. After this Mr. T. O'Mahony, of Illinois, one of the Seniors, supported on either side by one of the students, came before the curtain, and read very well an address to the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, coupling with his name those of his coadjutors, and also the venerated name of him to whom Catholicity in the west owes so much, Very Rev. Father General Sorin. Music, speeches, and essays followed, some of which deserve particular mention. Mr. M. Mahony, in a neat address, finely touched up the vulgar provincialism of affecting a smattering of every language, dead and alive, except one's own. While he spoke, we could not help recalling Dr. Johnson's remark when informed that a certain gentleman in company spoke twenty languages: "Yes," granted the Dr., "and I warrant you he never said a good thing in any of them!" Mr. Charles Dodge, of Burlington, Iowa, touched a chord in the hearts of all present by his beautiful declamation of Robert Emmet's immortal address to Norbury. May his epitaph be soon written. "A novel way of delivering an old selection," by J. McHugh, of Lafayette, Indiana; "Personation," by L. Roth, of Cincinnati; Recitation by W. C. Hunter, and Recitation by C. Burdell, of Chicago, were excellent, the latter especially so. After a Prologue by L. Hayes, of Chicago, and music by the orchestra, the real event of the evening was introduced—the Play.

The comedies of Molière are so well known that it is unnecessary to speak of them at length. On this occasion the "Rogueries of Scapin," translated and adapted from the French, was selected. The scenery, costumes, etc., were very faithful representations of the country and manner of Molière's time. Indeed, we very much doubt if such accuracy in every detail could be found anywhere in America beyond the regular theatrical profession. If a person attempted to delineate the humor of Molière without a profound sense of its satirical meaning, he will merely lose his time and fail to do justice to that great author. "The Hypochondriac," "The Doctor in spite of himself," "The Upstart," etc., are simply the satires of Horace, with the mask of Momus on. The lively genius of the French dramatist scintillates with such brilliancy that it is easy to be led to the false conclusion that he merely wanted to excite laughter and not laughter with a very obvious moral, cunningly concealed beneath the flash.

With such thoughts as the foregoing in our mind, we apprehended, not exactly a failure, but, at least, a defective interpretation of the comedy. It was a fault easily incurred, for even the best minds of Molière's time misunderstood the great dramatist so far as to refuse him a place in the Academy. To our surprise and delight the fact was quite the reverse, and we have never heard Molière delineated more exactly, or more intelligently understood, than on this occasion.

We would take up too much of your space to dwell at length upon the varied and promising talent displayed by the young gentlemen in the comedy. C. Dodge, of Iowa, as "Signor Argante," and S. Ashton, of Kansas City, Mo., as "Signor Geronte," played their parts extremely well. The vigorous youth put on the palseid form of old age to perfection, and, of course, "were full of wise saws and modern instances," as becometh grey hairs. R. Staley, of Sedalia, Mo., made a very good "Octavius." C. Hutchings, of Brooklyn, did full justice to the character of "Leander;" while John Nash, of Rockford, acquitted himself admirable. As "Sylvester," J. McHugh, of Lafayette, played his part with becoming energy, that added decidedly to the success of the representation. L. Hayes, of Chicago, was extremely effective as "Carl," friend of "Scapin;" and L. Roth,

of Cincinnati, was a perfect "Patruccio." But unquestionably *the* player of the evening was C. Burdell, of Chicago. The imitable "Scapin," the prominent figure of the comedy, never found a truer exponent. Like Booth, in "Hamlet," he almost entirely held the attention of the audience fixed upon himself. He entered, with real ability, into the spirit of the play, and all forgot for the time that C. Burdell, not the veritable trickster of Moléire, was before them. The applause and laughter which greeted him at every moment, prove how highly his actings was appreciated.

During the interval of the performance, Vincent Hackmann, of St. Louis, delighted the audience with a number of songs, truly laughing, provoking, and comical. We were informed that he possessed great musical abilities of the very highest order, and certainly his singing supported the assertion.

The theatrical portion of the entertainment was produced by Rev. A. Lemmonier, S. S. C., and Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., of the University. Mr. E. Lilly, S. S. C., led the University Band; Bro. Basil, S. S. C., the Orchestra, with their well-known taste and spirit; while Prof. M. T. Corby, A. M., presided at the piano with great judgment.

After the prolonged applause, which greeted the conclusion of the performance, had ended, the Most Rev. Dr. Purcell arose and said:

"I have been highly entertained by the exhibition you have afforded us this evening. Indeed I may say I am much surprised at the excellence of the performance. You have manifested enough to convince all who have had the pleasure of listening to you, that your time has not been spent in vain. You have succeeded admirably indeed. What an astonishing country is ours, where we find such intellectual development in the young! Surely Europe must look with envy upon this young giant of the West. It is now nearly twenty-eight years since the University of Notre Dame received its charter from the government of Indiana. What reason have we not to rejoice at the wonderful success which have crowned the efforts of those who have had charge of the Institution. You have made a few kind allusions to myself in your address, but as our Lord said to his apostles, 'Without Me you can do nothing,' so I may say, 'Without those young bishops here beside me I could do nothing.'

"I have been requested to allow the remains of Father Badden, who now looks down from heaven upon our proceedings here, to be brought to Notre Dame for entombment. But he lies at the side of the revered Bishop Fenwick, beneath my cathedral, and I cannot separate them—they are the two pillars of my church. May the example of these patriarchs of the West, Bishops Fenwick, Rosate, and Father Badden, encourage us in the midst of trial and danger, and lead us to a never-fading crown."

After this address, the audience dispersed much gratified by the treat which had been afforded them.

VATOR.

Grand Religious Ceremony.

Solemn Pontifical Mass.—Consecration of Notre Dame and St. Mary's to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.—Ordinations, etc.

On Tuesday, Nov. 8th, all at Notre Dame and St. Mary's were filled with unusual joy and gladness by the presence of His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, together with the Right Rev. Bishop Toebe, of Covington, and the Right Rev. Bishop Borges, of Detroit, and several of the Rev. Clergy from various places. On Wednesday a new joy was added by the arrival of our beloved Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Luers, of Fort Wayne.

For several days the venerable Archbishop and his worthy co-laborers continued our happiness by prolonging their stay amongst us, consoling all by their kind words, and rejoicing us by that happy

cheerfulness which ever accompanies true goodness of heart and refinement of mind. I need not say that every effort was made to entertain these worthy prelates, and render their visit pleasant; for the high esteem and veneration in which His Grace and the other Right Rev. Bishops are held at Notre Dame and St. Mary's is sufficient guarantee of our desire to please and entertain them, especially when they deigned to honor us so far as to abide with us a while.

But we will leave to others to speak of what was done to celebrate the visit of our venerated guests, and confine ourselves to the religious ceremonies which took place on this occasion.

On Wednesday morning, at six o'clock, the Most Rev. Archbishop conferred Minor Orders upon Messrs. Edward Lilly and John O'Connell, and the Order of Subdeaconship upon Messrs. John Lauth and Jacob Lauth.

On the following morning (Thursday), at nine o'clock, His Grace celebrated pontifically, assisted by Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior General, as Assistant Priest; Rev. Fathers Graeger and Corby, as Deacons of Honor; Rev. Fathers Carrier and Brown, as Deacon and Subdeacon of Office; Rev. Father Letourneau presided as Master of Ceremonies. There were also present in the sanctuary, in rochet and cape, the three Right Rev. Bishops whom we have already mentioned as our guests, with a number of the Rev. Clergy.

At the usual time, before the gospel, His Grace conferred the Order of Deaconship on the two Rev. gentlemen who had been ordained Subdeacons on the preceding day.

After the chanting of the gospel by one of the newly-ordained, one of the Fathers of Holy Cross, kneeling at the epistle side of the altar and in front of the colossal statue of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, erected immediately behind the high altar, read an act of consecration to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, placing Notre Dame and St. Mary's under her protection. At the conclusion of this act, His Grace ascended the platform of the altar and preached an eloquent and impressive sermon, taking for his text the Hail Mary.

At the conclusion of his beautiful sermon, the holy rite proceeded, the ceremonies being conducted with that serious dignity which the solemn sacrifice is calculated to inspire; and all left the church, after Mass, grateful to God, and deeply impressed with the sublime grandeur of our holy religion, which even in its external rites is so imposing and so provocative of true piety.

On Friday morning, His Grace, still unwearied, notwithstanding his advanced age and the long ceremonies of the previous day, celebrated at half past six, and raised to the sublime dignity of the Priesthood, the two Rev. gentlemen on whom he had already conferred the first two of the sacred Orders.

Happy, indeed, would we all have been, could our revered Archbishop and our other Right Rev. and Rev. guests have prolonged their visit for weeks, and months; but, called by duty, they took their departure from Notre Dame, on the afternoon of Friday, the 11th, to extend to others the happiness and consolation which their presence afforded us.

During their stay with us, we were delighted to observe that they enjoyed themselves, and manifested such a lively interest in our institutions and in all connected with them. This will be for us a new motive to exertion, that we may become more and more worthy the approval of those whose encouraging smile is more highly prized than all the riches of the world, and our sincere prayer is that God may prolong the years of our Most Rev. Archbishop and Right Rev. Bishops, for the consolation and advantage of his Church, bestowing upon them, amid the labors and trials of their sacred calling, that happiness which the good alone can enjoy.

LAST Monday we were thoughtfully remembered in the way of an invitation to a sumptuous repast of oysters, given by our old friend and prefect, Brother Aloysius, to the worthy Juniors for their diligence and highly commendable deportment during the present year. We cheerfully accepted this invitation, not because the oysters were going to favor us with their company, but because we had the prospect of spending a social time with our merry friends of the Junior Department.

Upon arriving at the refectory, we found the tables well filled, and looking as if ready to give away under the heavy burden they were endeavoring to sustain; but, *mirabile dictu*, the edibles disappeared so rapidly that the tables soon found relief. We hope that by this time they have entirely recovered from their indisposition, and will soon be ready to undergo the same treatment.

Among the invited guests were the reverend clergy and officers of the University, various Professors and Brothers, with a number of the *elite* of the Senior Department.

Very Rev. Father General being solicited to speak, addressed the students in his usual pleasant, happy style, giving them good advice, that they might grow up honorable men and lead lives profitable not only to themselves but to their fellow beings; he also encouraged them to persevere unceasingly in the course they had chosen. The church bells having rung we were denied the pleasure of hearing from any of the others, and retired well pleased with the evening's feast.

We will here take the liberty of returning the most sincere thanks of all the guests, as well as of ourselves, to our generous host and kind Brothers of the refectory, for their assiduous attention and generous hospitality, and congratulate the former upon his well behaved and gentlemanly band. We hope that the Juniors will persevere in their good conduct, and merit many returns of the occasion, and, moreover, that the invitation be as liberal.

We would add that we have been honored with the duty of reporter, we trust that we may soon have the same pleasure for the Seniors.

Yours truly,

TESTAOSTREARIA.

Thespian Association.

Though our reports appear but seldom in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC, we would respectfully inform your many readers that the Thespians are still the Thespians of old—always organized, and always ready to please their friends. The Society holds its regular meetings every Saturday evening, at which the members transact all miscellaneous business, and recite choice pieces for their mutual improvement.

Saturday evening, 11th inst., was one of unusual interest, and, it is scarcely necessary to remark, of benefit to the members present. On the evening in question, the great majority of the Society favored us with the recitation of several selections. As each speaker took his seat, the Director called upon the members for their criticisms upon the piece—the manner in which it should have been recited, the gestures necessary and unnecessary, and, if defective in any of the essentials, it was unhesitatingly condemned. After which, the Director briefly reviewed each speaker, which was duly appreciated.

The Thespians—though we may, perhaps, appear egotistical in making the remark—have, in their long and prosperous career, done much for the pleasure of the students and their friends, and from indications that have come under our notice, a brilliant revival of the drama for the present scholastic year may be expected. MARCH.

THE population of San Francisco is 150,361, of whom 11,817 are "heathen Chinee."

Base-Ball.

MR. EDITOR:—The second game of the series of match games pending between the "Star of the West" and "Juanita" Base-Ball Clubs, was played on the 3d inst., on the grounds of the "Star of the East" Base-Ball Club.

The day being very windy, and the players tired from their hard-contested match of the day before, a well-played game was scarcely to be expected. Nevertheless, in spite of these draw-backs, some splendid playing was exhibited, and the unanimous opinion appears to be that it was the best match of the season. Contrary to the result of the day before, the toss of the copper this time sent the Star of the West to the bat, and the game commenced at one o'clock, with Mr. E. B. Gambee, of the Star of the East B. B. C., as umpire.

In the first innings the score showed the two clubs to be even at one run apiece, and each nine began to feel that their opponents were putting forth all their powers to gain the lead. But when the Star of the West went to the bat the second time and were disposed off with one tally, their opponents scoring five, it became evident that, in this game at least, the Juanitas were capable of maintaining their title of champions. From this point it was an up hill game for the Star of the West, and right well did they play it, overlooking nothing that could change the result, and playing with a coolness and precision that did them honor. On the first half of the seventh innings the Star of the West were, "whitewashed," and a dispute arose in regard to the correctness of a decision of the umpire respecting a "foul." The dispute could not be settled, as both captains appeared determined it should not be, and, the Star of the West refusing to go to the field, nine runs were given to the Juanitas as their score for the incompletelyed innings, and the game decided in their favor, by a score of twenty-five to twelve.

The Star of the West played well in the field; and, among those deserving of special notice for good field playing, we might mention Ashton, Burdell, Dum, and Dodge. The latter, playing second base, showed a very tyrannical and ungenerous disposition in regard to all harmless "flies" that came wandering around in his vicinity. Ashton's pitching didn't suit the Juanitas "worth a cent"—it was too hard to bat. Burdell played "first," and, with his characteristic obstinacy, refused to let anything in the shape of a ball pass him, for which amiable trait in his character he was several times heartily blessed by the Juanitas. Dum played "short stop" in his well known brilliant manner, fully keeping up to his old standard of excellence. The playing of the Juanitas is too well known to need much comment, except, perhaps, to remark that their new "short stop," Mr. Weld, has proved a decided success, and now adds greatly to the strength of their in-field. As to the dispute which, to the great disappointment of the spectators, somewhat prematurely closed the game, we shall say nothing, as, of course, there are two sides to the question, and, as usual, in all probability both are wrong in some points. However, the general opinion of the disinterested persons appear to be that both captains were excited, and a little hasty, and, consequently, to a certain degree ungenerous—and that the umpire performed his duty as an umpire and a gentleman, fairly, honestly, and to the best of his ability.

The following is the

SCORE:

STAR OF WEST.	O	R	JUANITA.	O	R
Burdell, 1st b.....	3	1	Spelley, p.....	2	3
Nash, c. f.....	4	1	Gearin, c.	2	3
Reilly, 1. f.....	2	2	Weld, s. s.....	3	3
McGuire, c.....	2	2	Dillon, 1st b....	2	2
Dum, s. s.....	2	2	Willson, 2 b....	2	2
McOsker, 3 b.....	2	1	Shepard, 3 b....	1	4
Dodge, 2 b.....	2	1	O'Rourke, 1. f....	2	3
Hogan, r. f.....	2	1	Arrington, c. f....	2	3
Ashton, p.....	2	1	Fox, r. f.....	2	2
Total: - - - - -	21	12	Total: - - - - -	18	25

- Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total.
Star of W-	1	1	0	3	4	3	0	12.
Juanitas -	1	5	3	3	3	1	9	25.

Umpire—Mr. E. B. Gambee.

Scorers—Messrs. Hackmann and Swenk.

Time of game—Two hours. STONEWALL.

VASSAR COLLEGE has received a munificent gift of \$30,000 dollars, to found a professorship of Natural Philosophy.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
NOV. 15, 1870.

St. Mary's was highly honored, during the past week, by the presence of His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne, Right Rev. Bishop of Covington, and Right Rev. Bishop of Detroit.

His Grace, the Archbishop, arrived on the 8th, accompanied by Rev. Fathers Cheymol and O'Calahan, editor of the *Catholic*.

Among the guests was the well-known orator and poet, Father Graham.

The presence of so many distinguished prelates and reverend clergy was truly a memorable, joyous event in the annals of St. Mary's, and made all, who enjoyed the privilege of assisting at the many Masses celebrated and Benedictions given, feel that it was indeed good to be here.

The pupils had the honor to be addressed, in a most kind and paternal manner, by His Grace, the Archbishop; and to receive from his hands their certificates of improvement, each accompanied with a souvenir of his visit, in form of a pious picture.

On Thursday the young ladies gave a very beautiful entertainment of music and recitations in honor of their illustrious visitors. His Grace thanked them in such terms of praise and encouragement.

The remembrance of their visit will be ever treasured as a most delightful reminiscence of St. Mary's. The affability and apostolic simplicity of the venerable Archbishop and learned bishops and priests, won the reverential esteem of all who had the honor to converse with them. Long may they live to labor for the glory of God and salvation of souls.

We are happy to announce that due arrangements have been made for commencing, at St. Mary's, the erection of a beautiful church, to be dedicated to Almighty God under the patronage of "Our Lady of the Seven Dolors." The cornerstone of the church will be laid next spring, and we trust, with the help of all who feel interested in the welfare of St. Mary's, that the work will soon be completed.

We take this opportunity of returning public thanks to our many kind friends for their generous donations. Mrs. Barbara Diversey, of Chicago, has made the noble offering of twelve stained glass windows, valued at six thousand dollars. Mrs. M. M. Phelan, of Lancaster, Ohio, two thousand dollars, cash; Mrs. S. Mulhall, \$100; Mr. O'Meara, of Cincinnati, \$50; Mr. McCarthy and family, of Huntington, \$55; Commodore Kelty, U.S.N., \$20; Mr. Taylor, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Straw, of Chicago; Mr. McNamara, of Omaha City, \$10 each.

If all the friends and patrons of St. Mary's continue to give such generous proofs of their lively interest in the institution, and pious zeal for the erection of a church, in which they may claim a perpetual remembrance as benefactors, we may safely hope soon to see at St. Mary's a beautiful temple, dedicated to the glory of God and honor of the "Mother of Jesus."

ARRIVALS.

Miss Alice Tood, Plymouth, Indiana.
" A. Minnick, Mishawaka, Indiana.
" Mary Sweeney, Erie, Illinois.
" Mary Ely, " "
" Harriet Ely, "

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEPT.

Week Ending Nov. 6th.

Misses H. Niel, A. Sturgis, N. Moriarty, M. Kirwan, A. Locke, K. Young, N. Millard, C. Foote, A. Rhinehart, B. O'Neill, A. Cornish, M. Shirland.

HONORABLE MENTION—SR. DEPT.

Graduating Class—Miss A. Radin.

First Senior Class—Misses M. Tuberty, M. Dil-

lon, M. Kellogg, L. Marshall, J. Hogue, A. Clark, K. Parks, B. Randall, J. Forbes, A. Borup, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. Robinson, M. Shanks.

Second Senior Class—Misses K. Zell, M. Lassen, L. Hoyt, F. Butters, M. Cochrane, M. Lange, M. Bucklin, S. O'Brien, A. Casey, K. Haymond, K. Sixby, A. Frost, K. Brown, E. Finley, E. Ray, A. Reynolds, A. Shea, A. Todd.

Third Senior Class—Misses R. Fox, E. Shea, A. Mast, L. Dooley, K. Powell, D. Green, L. Duffield, L. Ggden, M. Ward, S. Hoover, E. Dickerhoff, T. Finley, E. Hendricks, R. Snood, J. Millis, R. Spiers, J. and R. Leoni, M. Heth, A. Woods, F. Lincoln.

First Preparatory Class—Misses M. Letourneau, L. Macfarlane, I. Wilder, E. Wood, J. Falvey, F. Sammons, L. Ritchie, M. Ford, E. Price, C. Woods, S. Jpillard, M. Wicker, K. Boyd.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses R. Devoto, F. Murphy, J. Ozbourne, E. Greenleaf, M. McIntyre, N. Callahan, J. Tucker, A. Lloyd, E. Boyland, M. Prince, A. Emmonds, M. and L. Weire, I. Bounel, L. Clancy, L. Sutherland.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses M. Nash, S. Klassen, E. Birney, A. Frazer, N. Duggan.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

Week Ending Nov. 13th.

Misses M. Tuberty, M. Dillon, M. Kellogg; K. Parks, B. Randall, H. Tinsley, M. Shanks, K. Zell, A. Todd, M. Cochrane, M. Lange, A. Casey.

A PUPIL in one of the schools in Beverly Massachusetts, was in the act of sitting down last Tuesday afternoon, when the earthquake shook the building, which the teacher attributed to the abrupt manner in which the lad took his seat, for which offense he was required to stand three-quarters of an hour.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.**Spring Arrangement.**

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

Leave South Bend 11 32 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 4 10 a. m.
" 2 33 p. m.	" 4 10 a. m.
" 9 05 p. m.	" 1 50 p. m.
" 12 37 a. m.	" 5 30 p. m.
Accommodation 7 43 p. m.	Arrive at Elkhart 8 20 p. m.
Way Freight, 4 34 p. m.	

GOING WEST.

Leave South Bend 1 36 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 4 20 p. m.
" 3 06 a. m.	" 6 50 a. m.
" 4 20 a. m.	" 7 20 a. m.
" 4 34 p. m.	" 8 10 p. m.
Accommodation 6 35 a. m.	" 10 30 a. m.
Way Freight, 12 15 p. m.	

Making connection with all trains West and North.

For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Toledo.
C. P. LELAND, General Passenger Agent, Toledo.

HIRAM BROWN, Agent, South Bend.

CROSSING.

GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 4 20 a. m., and 7 30 p. m.
Freight, 4 05 p. m.

GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 11 13 a. m., and 6 20 p. m.
Freight, 4 50 a. m.

SAIN T MARY'S ACADEMY

Notre Dame, Indiana.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, is situated on the St. Joseph River, eighty-six miles east of Chicago, via Michigan Southern Railroad, and two miles from the flourishing town of South Bend.

The site of St. Mary's is one to claim the admiration of every beholder. It would appear that nature had anticipated the use to which the grounds were to be applied, and had disposed her advantages to meet the requirements of such an establishment. Magnificent forest trees rising from the banks of one of the most beautiful rivers in the Mississippi Valley still stand in native grandeur; the music of bright waters and healthful breezes inspire activity and energy, while the quiet seclusion invites to reflection and study.

We are happy to inform our patrons that we have, at length been able to realize a long cherished desire of opening a School of Design, where choice models in busts, chromes and oil painting in the different schools have been collected, and where full courses will be given by efficient teachers in all the various departments of Drawing and Painting.

For Catalogue, address

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Notre Dame P. O., Indiana.

Oct 8-70